[10 cont.]

539 χ'ámabe χ'ámabe χ'ámabe χ'ámabe God, God, God, God
782 /gami tara ái Water we can drink!
[821]
●271 [11] In the waterless wilderness of the palm bush and
731 the Otjimpolo Veld death from thirst often enough overtakes even the Bushmen, accustomed as they are to privation. They
[488] do not deny that at times they are forced to leave the old and
[758] the sick behind in the wilderness. But such an occurrence stays in the people's memory for a long time as a serious misfortune. Anyone who is acquainted with the Bushmen's love of children and veneration of parents and old people can understand what it means to them to be forced to leave behind one of their own.
271 One must have experienced personally the feeling that overcomes one when due to thirst and heat the body no longer gives off perspiration, the dry forehead feels burning hot, and a slight chill passes through the body, in order to understand this song of joy which seems so naïve, whose content is: We can drink again!

539 3. Short and fervent prayer at the beginning of a
782 journey:
[484] χ'ámaba !Khu gai teve God, let me travel well.

[755] 4. Choral prayer for a sick person: When someone is gravely ill, the relatives sing in chorus, while the doctor performs his ceremonies.
χ'ámaba !khoé-wa ≠khai kháira téve God, let our people rise again.

789 5. Not a real prayer, but rather a formula of exorcism is said to oneself when meeting a stranger regarded as evil:
Tshuai Kwewa /Nawa!

821 They do not know anything to say about the sun (sorésa). The moon (χ'áwa) dies every month and wakes up again.

753 Illnesses are sent by χ'amaba. He sends them to those
776 persons with whom he is angry. Other spirits have no role in this, and there is no spirit of sickness.

776 There is a host of little spirits, the /ga /ga hú, in the bush. They play tricks.

775 A human being has only one soul, !gaoba. This soul goes to heaven after death. (!nanu-aiba, rain house?) The house of χ'amaba (≠khauba) is there. Only the doctors know
[756] what it looks like up there. They speak with χ'amaba.

[22 cont.]

114 without compromising oneself. Only old people are suitable
124 informants, since they are no longer eager for renown.

831 In view of the hard life that the people lead, sexuality, naturally, is not excessively developed. Perverse manipulations are evidently unknown, since my informants did not even understand questions on this subject.

833 Normal sexual intercourse is usually performed in the bush during the time between the evening meal and the rising
271 of the moon. Long periods of thirst result in almost total im-
147 potence.

157 Despite all the formality, they have an unbridled
578 temperament which frequently expresses itself in violent emotional explosions over trivial affairs, which then may easily lead to serious consequences since the poisoned arrow is always at hand. For example, I was told the following story: A Bushman worked on a farm for quite a long time and, with his belly fat from eating maize, came to visit his thin companions. His brother made fun of him for being so fat, saying that he could not run any more, whereupon the fat one retorted: "Just the same, I'll live longer than you." After this brief exchange of words, the scrawny brother stabbed the fat one. -- A film company once wanted to make a film among the !Kung who are
157 settled behind Keibeb; the film was to be called: "When the
648 First Whites Came into the Land." The chief of this horde had a [23] pair of old German military trousers as an emblem of his office and when he was requested to take them off, he responded with the declaration that he would take off his trousers only if the White did the same, whereupon he received a box on the ears that put him and his companions in such a rage that the film company preferred to depart in order to avoid a catastrophe.

157 That they can also be quick at repartee is shown by the following story which was repeatedly told to me by Europeans: A Bushman had been accused of poaching. The magistrate asked him: "Don't you know that these animals belong to the king (royal game)?" The Bushman answered: "I saw no 'brand' (property mark)."

As a chief or family head, the Bushman is bossy and
[593] unyielding, which is understandable in view of the rigidity of his whole conception of life. The sick Bushmen lie silent and

7:Story N-5 (1955) 1958 FX10 Bushmen FX10

262 271 824 [114] is eaten only when they are in the greatest need. Reynolds (1950: 285), quoting W. B. Hooker, states that its flowers may be eaten after boiling, but I did not think of asking the Bushmen about this, and they did not volunteer any information.

X137 *Dipcadi* sp. (5163, 5307).

!h5: Bushman..... n!ɦom
Naron Bushman..... n!ɔm
Eastern !khũ Bushman n!umʃé:

Although the above-ground parts had been killed by frost, enough remained for the plant to be identified as a species of Dipcadi. The bulbs were two inches below the surface of the soil, in appearance like a small onion. They were planted in Pretoria, but although they were still alive two years after being collected, they had failed to produce leaves or flowers up to the time this report was written.

Specimens were collected at Nama Pan, in parkland on sandy soil. As the plant was recognised and named by one of the southern !h5: Bushmen who was with us, it probably extends into the Kalahari well south of Ghanzi.

[262] The bulbs are edible after cooking.

Scilla sp. near *Scilla lancifolia* Bak. (5190) Photograph 5.

Eastern !khũ Bushman tũ

This plant has a rounded two-inch bulb covered with a thick layer of dark brown papery scales. In the summer it produces three or four spreading leaves, usually six inches long but up to 10, and one and a half inches wide at the widest part. They are thin but fleshy, strap-shaped (but in section widely V-shaped near the base), and light green, sometimes faintly mottled with darker green. The inflorescence is four inches long and the flowers small and not conspicuous, with purple stamens and a recurved perianth.

It was common in shallow sand overlying rock near Gautscha Pan and Nama Pan but was not easy to find because the leaves and inflorescences had been frosted, and blown away by the wind by the time the expedition had reached those parts. A number of bulbs collected there produced leaves and flowers in Pretoria the following summer, and it was from these plants that the notes were made.

[252 262] The bulb is edible after roasting but I have not tried it personally.

It would be dangerous to experiment with plants like this if what the Bushmen say is true, for it could be easily confused with another species which has an inedible bulb. The inedible species (No. 5181) is shown in photograph 6 and may be distinguished by its longer bulb and longer leaves (10 inches long and over, and two inches wide at the widest part). They have a translucent fringed margin, are pointed, narrowly V-shaped in section and more numerous, about 12 to a plant. In addition, the

7:Story N-5 (1955) 1958 FX10 Bushmen FX10

was the host of the insect which they use for making their arrow poison, and that it had harder roots than the other. The fruits, flowers and leaves might have shown the difference clearly, but no trace of them could be found, and though plants were sent to the Transvaal for growing they failed to become established. 824

In spite of its unpromising appearance, the non-poisonous one is a useful source of water. This is in a sappy unbranched vertical underground part about an inch and a half thick. The Bushmen excavate down its length as deeply as they can reach, then break it off and withdraw it. They remove the thin outer skin and chew the remaining part, which is crisp and has a little tasteless sap. As a source of water it does not compare with the various species of Cucurbitaceae—weight for weight it contains far less, and the labour of digging it up is considerable. However, it must be a reliable standby when the Cucurbitaceae are not in fruit, and in the central Kalahari it is plentiful. In the southern part it is apparently absent, for it was not seen until 256 miles north-west of Molepolole. 312 824 [222] [271]

Dichapetalum cymosum (Hook.) Engl. 5109, 5266, 5338 Photograph 24. 137X

Eastern !khũ Bushman ma-ĩ

This plant produces a number of slender erect woody stems up to 12 inches high, sparingly branched and often buried in the sand at the base. The leaves are four inches long, numerous, sessile, alternate, broader in the upper half where they are about one and a half inches across, and tapering at the base, with a stiff papery texture and with veins prominent above and below. They have a slight bloom on the upper surface and the younger leaves at least have a pair of narrow hairy stipules at the base. The younger parts of the plant are hairy, but the hairs wear off with age, and during the winter the leaves turn brown and hard and finally drop. The flowers are scented and have white petals forked at the end, but as they are small and nearly covered by the sepals, they are not conspicuous. The fruits are like a loquat, and may be brown or yellow. The have one or two big seeds covered by a little flesh.

Dichapetalum is distributed widely but patchily from the northern Transvaal through to Angola and Rhodesia. On the expedition it was seen for the first time between Tsau and Kaikai, and beyond that it was fairly frequent but scattered. It was usually in open situations, and seldom where there was dense tree growth.

Though the leaves are extremely poisonous, the flesh of the fruits is harmless and is eaten by the Bushmen. They emphasised that the flesh only could be used, and that the stone was poisonous. They did not mention the skin, but the following note on Schoenfelder's specimen 31, in the National Herbarium, indicates that it, too, is poisonous:— 262

> "Fruits like small yellow oranges are eaten peeled in great quantities by the Kung Bushmen. When still green can be eaten after baking in hot ash. Used like fruit, fresh. The peel of the fruit is stamped and mixed with other food to poison stealing dogs (Diriko)." [252] [278 824]

Marloth (1913-25: II: I: 120) and Engler (1912: 577) also refer to the edibility of the fruits.

There are four other plants of very similar appearance which could be confused with *Dichapetalum cymosum*, and although they were not collected on the expedition, their distribution does overlap. They are *Pachystigma pygmaeum*, *Pygmaeothamnus zeyheri*, *Parinari capense* and *Diospyros chamaethamnus*. The first two bear inedible fruits and may be 137X

7:Story N-5 (1955) 1958 FX10 Bushmen FX10

137X

Adansonia digitata L. Photograph 32.

Eastern !khû Bushman ≠m

The Baobab, as it is commonly called, is shown in photograph 32. Its stem may have a circumference of up to 148 feet, and makes it quite unmistakable. In winter it is leafless but in summer it bears dense dark-green foliage. The flowers are pure white and up to six inches across, and the fruits, as described by Codd (1951: 120) are "oblong or egg-shaped, five to six inches or more in length and three to four inches in diameter, with a woody shell which is softly grey-velvety on the outside".

The southernmost specimens were seen in the neighbourhood of Ghanzi, and from there it occurred sporadically to Gautscha Pan, the furthest point north reached by the expedition. There were big gaps in its distribution and it was rare throughout, but in some parts of the Transvaal it occurs abundantly and may have an unbroken distribution over many square miles of country. It is widely distributed in the drier regions of north and south tropical Africa.

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[272]

Inside the shell of the fruit is a white, pith-like substance which may be eaten raw, or ground up and stirred into water to make a drink, or boiled to make a porridge. It has an acid-sweet taste. The seeds which are embedded in the flesh are also edible and are eaten like nuts. In other parts of Africa they are prepared in a somewhat involved way which includes protracted boiling, fermenting and drying. There are several records of the fact that the young leaves make quite a good substitute for spinach, but as the expedition was during the winter and as the trees are deciduous, I cannot say whether the Bushmen know of this, nor whether the trees we saw were of the glabrous variety which is the one used for spinach. No seedlings were seen. It is known that the white shoot from the germinating seed can be used as a substitute for asparagus, and that the tender root of the very young Baobab is also edible (Dalziel, 1937: 113). The trees are often hollow, and like *Boscia albitrunca* and *Ricinodendron rautenii* may act as reservoirs for rain water which can be used in times of scarcity. The Bushmen reach it by fitting hollow grass stalks end to end to form a tube, and sucking it out. A further product of the Baobab is a large caterpillar which feeds upon the leaves and which is an important article of food aming the Natives of the northern Transvaal. It is recorded also from South West Africa, and is very likely known to and used by the Bushmen.

271
312
824
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825

137X

Ochna pulchra Hook. (5273) Photograph 33.

Eastern !khû Bushman ǂi and ǂe:i

A semi-deciduous tree with a clean but usually rather twisted bole which is white to light gray and has a peeling bark. The branches are bent and rigid and the wood brittle. They bear glossy light green alternate leaves which are almost sessile and usually entire, rarely with a very finely toothed margin. The tree has an attractive appearance even in winter, and the young leaves add to this in the spring for they range from pale green to reddish-brown. The flowers are borne in early summer, in showy scented bunches. They have yellow petals and a green calyx, which persists after the petals have fallen and turns bright red. The fruits are hard and green when immature but turn fleshy and black as they ripen. There are usually two or three, the size and shape of small beans, attached to a fleshy red swelling in the centre of the flower. The leaves have been suspected of causing poisoning in stock, but tests carried out on mammals have so far been inconclusive. (Uys and Thomas 1952, Steyn, 1949: 125.)

7:Story N-5 (1955) 1958 FX10 Bushmen FX10

By the spring there may be nothing left to mark the position of the plant. How extraordinarily observant the Bushmen are was well shown when they were asked if they could find a specimen and demonstrate its use. One man guided the party for four miles across country featureless except for clumps of trees to a spot where he knew of one growing. It was found after a short search—nothing more than two or three small sticks among the grasses, with the bark shredding into white silky fibres.

Raphionacme burkei is found from South West Africa through the Bechuanaland Protectorate into the northern Transvaal and the northern Cape. Two specimens were seen in the central Kalahari, and the species was determined from one of them which was sent to Pretoria for cultivation and flowered there in the following summer.

It is a well-known source of water among the Bushmen of the Kalahari. They extract the water from the storage organ by planing a pile of shavings off it with the edge of a split stick, and then squeezing the shavings in the hand and allowing the water to run into the mouth. This rather roundabout way of doing things appears to be without good reason, because the flesh of the storage organ may be chewed without any ill effect. It is firm and crisp, slightly fibrous, and faintly bitter.

Pentarrhinum insipidum E. Mey. (5171, 5191) Photograph 40.

Eastern !khū Bushman n!ɔ-ʃu and n!wa-ʃu

A leafy deciduous climber up to 10 feet high, and a vigorous grower which may completely cover the host tree. It has freely branching lax stems which are quite tough in spite of being only a matter of an eighth of an inch in thickness. They are covered with a fine white down which is just perceptible to the naked eye, and when broken they exude a little milky juice, so little that it is easily overlooked. At intervals of about five inches arise pairs of leaves, deeply cordate at the base, and with long stalks. In the younger stages they are minutely hairy but they become glabrous or nearly so as they grow older. The flowers rise in a group on a three-inch slender stalk from between the leaves. They are brownish with a yellow or white central portion, small and faintly scented. The fruits are occasionally produced in pairs but are more usually solitary. They are beaked, three inches long and half as wide, covered with blunt prickles, longitudinally wrinkled and dull green.

At Nama Pan this was a frequent climber among the trees, and it is widespread over southern Africa. It was not, however, seen in the country south of Ghanzi.

At maturity the fruits are hard and woody and packed with the fine silky hairs that form the pappus of the seeds, but when green they are softer and may be eaten raw or cooked as a vegetable, and may be stored for three weeks before they deteriorate. Their rather copious white latex is quite harmless. They have a crisp texture when raw and a pleasant flavour, nutty and faintly peppery. When boiled they are reminiscent of Asparagus. When the seeds inside have turned brown the fruit will be found too hard to make good eating. The leaves, too, may be eaten raw as a salad, and are used that way by some Transvaal Natives, but the Bushmen method of preparation is to pound them to a pulp in a wooden mortar.

Pentarrhinum insipidum grows well from seed and is a rapid producer of green material. It might be a useful fodder plant for domestic stock.

7:Story N-5 (1955) 1958 FX10 Bushmen FX10

leaves drop during the winter, but a few were still to be seen, linear, paired, and about three inches long and half an inch wide, and there was one fruit, as long as the leaves and shaped like a small cigar. The stems rise from a brown-skinned underground storage organ which may be more than a foot in length and up to five inches in diameter. It is often oddly shaped if growing in rocky ground, as these all were, and has a rather spongy texture, a combination which makes it difficult to dig up without damage. Several were brought in at a Bushman encampment about 20 miles south-west of Nama Pan, but none of them were entire. The specimens I collected were lost in transit to Pretoria, and though they could be placed in the genus Fockea from what had been seen in the field, the species is unknown. 137X

The storage organ is eaten raw by the Bushmen. The flesh is white and rather flabby, with a faint but pleasant flavour of coconut ice. As well as being a food it is juicy enough to be a useful source of water. It could possibly be bred into a plant worth cultivating. [262] [312]

Ipomoea verbascoidea Choisy (5223, 5319) Photograph 49.

Eastern !khū Bushman n!oru

Tubers and seeds of this species failed to grow in cultivation in Pretoria. The notes which follow were made partly from herbarium specimens, for the plants were quite leafless when they were seen in the field in August. They were conspicuous in spite of their bareness, because of the small pure white masses of wool in which the seeds were embedded. These masses were scattered along numerous slender twigs that arose from a group of sturdy, cane-like stems, half an inch thick and eight feet long or more. The stems are scramblers, or, if no trees are at hand, lax and spreading. They exude a little milky juice when cut. The stalked leaves are simple, rounded, and up to four inches across, and bear in their axils single large purple flowers of the typical Convolvulaceous (morning glory) type. The plant is covered with a white wool except on the upper surface of the leaves, where it is sparsely hairy.

Two plants were seen on the expedition, both in the neighbourhood of Nama Pan, and both on sand and among fairly dense mixed scrub. There are records of the species from South West Africa, the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Angola.

A note on one of the herbarium specimens states that the fruits are edible, but this was not mentioned by the Bushmen. They did however state that the storage organs were used as a source of water. These are six inches below the soil, sometimes partly exposed and partly eaten by animals. They are firm and juicy, and those seen were the size of a football, with a white flesh and a dark brown skin. The water may be extracted by chewing the flesh or by pounding it and squeezing the pulp. [262] 312 [271]

Ipomoea sp. (5179) Photograph 50.

Eastern !khū Bushman !garube 137X

A slender plant with three or four bluish-reen leaves up to three inches long, borne on a four-inch erect stalk and themselves erect, and deeply and narrowly lobed. There are usually three or four tubers to each plant. They are found at any depth down to nine inches, and are variously shaped but regular in outline, typically the size and shape of a large apple with a slight depression on top, where they are connected at intervals of

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Gikwe

into a new place, although now they had no scherms. For the next days they had waited and listened, and when they had heard our truck leave they had assumed that we were gone, and had returned to get the rest of their things. Then they had noticed our trucks, and believing that they were surrounded and had fallen into our trap, they had come to surrender. Ukwane felt more relaxed and laughed at this, a warm, wheezy chuckle, showing a few teeth, slapping his chest and coughing from the smoke which he had been inhaling deeply. Seeing Ukwane, the rest of us laughed, too, but Gai only stiffened and smiled an icy smile. Behind his head the sun was setting, small and red, away over the edge of the flat plain, making all the little, distant trees against it look black and very lonely; and the new moon followed after into the salmon light, a heavy crescent flat on its back and bow-shaped, yellow and malevolent like the smile.

Before they went to sleep that night, the two men accepted a second bucketful of water as a present. The bucket they would return, but the water was for them alone, an enormous present in the desert, for which they were very grateful. They began to drink from it, scooping the water up with their hands and, later, lifting the bucket to drink from its rim. After that they lay down, naked as they were on the bare ground, close to the fire, with their knees bent, letting as much skin as possible be exposed to the heat. The warm smoke and ashes blew over them and they went to sleep on their sides as Bushmen always must, with one ear on the ground but with the other up and listening, to hear what comes along. Because it was cold they woke up often, and every time they woke they drank, so in the morning only the bottom of the pail had water in it, frozen into a circle of ice.

The next day the two men agreed to take some of us to their werf, and we drove off with Ukwane in the jeep and

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

bush beside her fireplace. Also, she brought out six round green melons which are called *tsama* melons, and which, during the autumn, provide the only liquid available for all the Bushmen in the desert, and for all the game antelope besides. Under the green rind a tsama is very like a watermelon, filled with small oval seeds and very watery in texture, but is itself pale green and smaller, the size of a small cantaloupe. Tsetchwe placed one between her feet and, gripping it firmly with her strong toes, chopped a hole in the top of it with her digging-stick; then, lifting the cap away like the lid of a jack-o'-lantern, she mashed the pulp inside until it was liquid. She put the melon to her mouth and, tipping her head back, drank from it, using her long digging-stick to help push the pulp into her mouth, working it like an enormous chopstick, making a watery noise as she sucked. When Tsetchwe had collected a mouthful of seeds she put the melon down, took an old, dry tsama melon rind from her kaross, and spat the seeds into it to save them, for they can be roasted and eaten like nuts when they are dry. Tsetchwe drank all the liquid in the rind and seemed refreshed as she cast the empty rind over her shoulder and brushed off her mouth and hands.

At last Gai strode back into the werf, followed at a distance by a group of three small boys and, much farther, by three old women who stood waist-deep in bushes, close together like three antelope, craning their necks to see us.

When they noticed Tsetchwe and Ukwane, they came forward with more confidence, accepted tobacco, and, squatting immediately, began to smoke. It had been months, Ukwane said, since they had used their last tobacco, had been reduced to smoking leaves, and they were very happy to have the tobacco we had give them. Bushmen love to smoke. They say that tobacco, as well as the wild beans, takes away hunger and thirst, and, besides that, it makes their hearts glad. One

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

CHAPTER SIX

Veld Food

132 271 137 With the warm air came a series of long, fat clouds sailing from the north like slow dirigibles, some of them showering down a few drops of rain. We were amazed to see rain in winter, the dry season, something we had not seen before, and we asked Ukwane about it. He said that it was not unusual for rain to come in the wintertime but very hard on the people of the desert, as it fools the wild vegetables from which the Bushmen get their water.

There are many kinds of wild roots which can be eaten in winter, and each is marked among the grass blades by an almost invisible dry thread of a vine. The roots are swollen with liquid by which the plants preserve their life during the drought. When the plants feel the onset of spring, warm air and raindrops, the dry vines suck moisture out of the watery roots, turn green, and put out tiny leaves, and in this way, if the false spring lasts, the roots are soon sucked dry entirely. Bushmen cannot get enough water from eating the vines and leaves. The plants do not bear fruit until summer; the spring-season vegetables, such as little onions, pods like pea pods,

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Gikwe

and leafy green vegetables that taste like rhubarb, have not grown in yet; and so the Bushmen must go thirsty. People have died of thirst in these false seasons.

Gathering veld food is the work of the Bushman women, and I used to go with them quite often on their trips. We sometimes stayed in the veld all day eating roots instead of drinking water. One day my brother came along to film the gathering of veld food, and as we were getting ready to leave, Gai also joined us. It is customary for Bushmen never to let a group of their women go anywhere with a Bantu or a European man unless a Bushman man goes with them to protect them. Gai sauntered along behind us in his role of guardian, quite unhampered, as he had nothing with him but his loincloth. Dasina, Twikwe, and Tsetchwe walked in front, each with a digging-stick thrust in her belt like an enormous knife, each wearing a heavy cape, and Tsetchwe carrying her baby, who rode, carefree and swinging his feet, on her shoulder. John and I walked in the middle of the procession, and at the end came the three young boys, who did not stay in single file but ran all over the veld, ran circles around us, and shouted to each other happily.

We walked across the pan of Ai a ha'o through the fine, soft grass, which left tiny, barbed seeds sticking to our legs. We walked through the brush on the opposite side and then over a wide plain, where we saw a herd of wildebeest. No one was armed, and when the wildebeest saw us, put down their heads, and ran, we could only watch helplessly as all that meat galloped away.

We walked until we came to a patch of tsama melons, perhaps twenty of them lying together, shiny, smooth, and green in the grass. The vine that once had nourished them had dried away and already some of the melons were turning yellow, overripe, ready to open and release their seeds.

On the way a moving shadow caught our attention, and we looked up 222
to see a white-breasted, black-winged vulture sailing not far 136
above our heads, not stirring himself but riding the drafts and currents of the air. He was looking at us with hard eyes, his red face turned to look down, and suddenly he closed his great wings under his body, sweeping them down so far that the long wing feathers brushed together four feet under his belly. Then his wings swept up again and bore him on. I had never seen a vulture do that before. He did it only once, then made a circle all around us, looking down at us, his eyes cool in their red wrinkles; he rose higher and higher and soon he was gone. All over Africa the sky is full of vultures, but so high that you can seldom see them; any time you look up with binoculars, however, you will probably be able to see one sailing, waiting up there for a disaster.

We were going particularly to look for *bi*, a fibrous, watery 222
root that is the mainstay of the Bushmen's diet during the 136
hot season when the melons are gone. From the end of Au- 262
gust, when the spring begins, the heat increases in intensity until December and January, when the rains come, relieving the drought. During this hot, dry season the sand reflects the sun until the air all over the veld shudders and dances, until human beings and animals alike gasp for air and water. This is the hardest season of all for the Bushmen, yet most of them remain alive by going into the veld early in the morning in the cooler light of dawn to gather bi. The bi they find is 222
brought back to the werf before the sun is hot; it is scraped, 271 ●
and the scrapings are squeezed dry. The people drink the 237
juice they squeeze. Then they dig shallow pits like graves for themselves in the shade. They urinate on the bi scrapings and line the pits with the now moist pulp, then lie in the pits and spend the day letting the moisture evaporating from the urine preserve the moisture in their bodies. They lie still all day and 222
at dusk go into the veld again to gather food, perhaps a few

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

accumulating dust had turned him black. When the rains came that year he had scrubbed himself with sand and water and had turned paler than the palest gold. No one had recognized him for a minute and then people had made fun of him, so he had let his coating accumulate again.

That night the old man, Lazy Kwi's father-in-law, decided that his band would move with us to Nama, a pan near Gautscha Pan, for he and Lazy Kwi believed that if we went there they could help us find more bands of Bushmen whom we had known. No one, he said, was living at Gautscha this season and the people who belonged there were scattered through the veld because the rains had been so good that there was food and water everywhere. We said that we would leave in the morning to begin the search, but the old man hesitated to agree and finally told us that in the morning he had planned to rob a bee tree, but after that he would be free to go. As he had hoped, the following morning we went with him on his trip for wild honey.

The bee tree was in a little forest about two miles from Gam, a forest filled with tiny yellow leaves and tiny seed pods blowing from the trees and scattered all through the grass, which in places had been plowed up by a wild pig rooting for bulbs. Because it was early in the morning and frosty, turtle doves were singing and the clear air was filled with their voices. Honey is always gathered at the coldest time of day, for then the bees are dull and stupid and it takes them a long time to collect their wits. The old man and Lazy Kwi cleared some grass and lit a tiny fire; then, squatting beside it, they warmed their hands, waiting for it to burn well, for they would use its smoke to numb the bees. Lazy Kwi's wife and her sister had come too; they did not join the men by the fire but walked off in the bush, gathering sour berries for their breakfast. The women in their wanderings found a hollow

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

tree, and, looking inside it, found that it was filled with rain water. They told the rest of us, who went to get a drink. It was just a dead and blasted tree full of murky water, but, standing in front of it, Lazy Kwi began to fumble in his hunting-bag for his drinking-straw. He slipped the straw into a crack in the bark, drank, and held the straw for the next person. The straw was a reed with a hollow center and very hard to drink from, I found when my turn came to take a sip, for it was badly cracked. It was all one could do to suck hard enough to moisten one's tongue, the water was stagnant, and the reed tasted strongly of the inside of Lazy Kwi's hunting-bag, but everyone drank, and when they had enough they returned to the fire. Something must have reminded Lazy Kwi of the European farmers on the way, for he announced naïvely: "They did not give me a shirt to put on my body."

When the fire was burning well the two men went to the bee tree. It too was dead, taller than the others in the forest and quite conspicuous. Lazi Kwi knocked on it with his ax and it gave forth a hollow sound. Then Lazy Kwi picked a straw and poked it into a tiny hole in the wood, and when he withdrew it there was honey on it and two bees. One bee detached itself and stung Lazy Kwi on the ribs and Lazy Kwi shook his skin like a dog. His father-in-law came forward with a smoking branch and held this near the hole. He blew smoke inside and the bees began to moan, low and ominously, the moan mounting in volume as Lazy Kwi chopped a piece from the tree above the hive. Four or five bees flew out of their hole; one flew at me and stung my face. The sting felt like a blow and in a moment the side of my face was numb and swollen. Lazy Kwi saw what had happened and he scratched the sting out with his fingernail. The old man by now had chopped away a large section of the tree and the bees poured down from the opening like water from a tap, but

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

The water was darker now and roiled, and the stench was stronger. We went on after the Bushman women to find gum in the trees and then went home, and after that I had not been back to Nama.

Since then, the heavy rains had come three times, filling the waterhole and the lake and washing away the putrescence, leaving only the white bones sunk in the bottom of the well. Now the water of the lake seemed very pure indeed, with the ripples that the wind made shining like mica in the sun, and so clear that we could see every blade of grass and ice-cold stone on the bottom. Lazy Kwi and his family climbed down from the truck and squatted at the edge of the water to drink, scooping up water in their cupped hands. As they drank, Lazy Kwi found some Bushman footprints on the little shore which were many days old, just dents in the hard sand, but after glancing at them once or twice he said they were the footprints of strangers, a man barefoot, a woman in sandals, and a barefoot child, on their way to a place called Naru Ni, somewhere in the west. I don't know how he could tell all this, but I believe that he was right. Bushmen are always right when it comes to tracks, but also it is very unusual for Bushmen to travel through country that is not theirs, as these three must have been doing or Lazy Kwi would have known them. Naturally, we were very curious to know who they were and what they were doing, but their footprints told Lazy Kwi no more than that, and we never learned.

These were the only footprints that we found, but Lazy Kwi still believed that some of the people we had known at Gautscha in 1953 might be living there, especially Toma, the headman, for he had been there when Lazy Kwi had heard of him last.

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9: Thomas. T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

484 women who are pregnant, or people who are ill. In fact, the
482 long journeys for the two kinds of nuts are undertaken only
432 by strong adults, who therefore must gather for all those who
431 stay behind. The system of Bushmen in these matters ensures that everybody gets enough. As it turned out, that afternoon we found that both Tu and Lazy Kwi had filled bags belonging to Lazy Kwi's wife, the bag that Lazy Kwi filled being the only one he had with him, and in this way his wife, who wasn't there and who so far knew nothing of her windfall, owned two bags of food which she would probably share with Lazy Kwi, who actually, that day, owned none.

At last, when many bags had changed hands, when everything movable including Tu's bag of grass—which she had emptied, tying the grass into a bundle with a strip of bark in order to free the bag for tsi—had been loaded into the jeep,
484 the people began to climb in and the jeep sank down on its springs, groaning dangerously as each person got on it and found a place to sit. When finally everyone was on and the springs still had not broken we drove away with extreme caution, barely moving when we came to bumps, with Toma and Gao Feet sitting on the hood and pointing the way to Nama.

522 As we crept along Toma told a lion story concerning some Bantu people at Kai Kai who tried to rid themselves of three lions that were attacking their cattle. As his story was extremely funny, his voice was often drowned out by the laughter of the others. He spoke so fast we could not understand him, but his wife laughed until she cried. Toma told the funniest parts of the story two or three times.

● 271 Just before we got to Nama, when the shadows of the bushes reached far over the veld and the western sky was blood red, thick with smoke, we reached a tiny waterhole

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

with empty veld around it, veld without veld food, without tracks of game, and we stopped to drink. The waterhole's name was Nam Ta Kwara (Here Is Nothing). Crooked Kwi was the only one who was thirsty, so he climbed alone out of the jeep, the hunting-bow on his shoulder arching over his head, and walked to the water's edge, where he crouched on the white sand all pocked by the tiny feet of birds to dip up water in one long hand and drink it out of his palm. With his body bent easily, his back arched, he was so graceful and lithe that he looked like a serpent or an otter and I wondered again why his name was Crooked Kwi. A white moth touched the surface of the water to drink beside him, and afterward a wasp.

Behind Kwi's head the smoke in the north and west was so thick it seemed that all the Belgian Congo and Angola were in flames, and the sun was swallowed by the smoke, and a gray, soft darkness fell long before the sun had really set.

When we got near Nama Pan it was dark and we saw our camp by its fires, but greatly expanded now as there were perhaps twenty fires where before there had been three. It looked like the camp of an army, for there were fires all over the rise above the pan, arranged in little groups, cluster by cluster, each fire casting light on the branches of a little tree or bush. These were the fires of Bushmen who had come in our absence and at the sight of them the Bushmen in the jeep put up their heads to see who the newcomers were.

At camp many people had got to their feet and were standing silhouetted by their fires as they peered into the dark; they had undoubtedly been listening to the sound of our jeep for hours, and when we stopped there was a crowd already waiting. The people who had been riding, relieved to have arrived at last, climbed out stretching to greet them. The children were taken out, yawning sleepily, the youngest ones whining

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

had been robbing its hives of honey for years. Gao Feet said 222
that its hives were raided every few months or so and wondered if there would be any honey left for us. While pondering this question we stopped at the base of the tree and looked up, high above us, at a crack in its trunk where bees were flying, and in a moment, to my great surprise, the whole hive of them had poured down over our heads and were stinging us badly. We dropped everything that we carried and ran as fast as we could into the bushes, slapping wildly at ourselves, scattering in every direction, and each of us, as we reached thick bushes, hid in the branches, only to be routed out again by someone else pursued by bees, and in this way we were scattered further. Far from the hive though we were, the air around us was full of bees; they kept us hiding and cowering like jackals, peering out from under bushes, away from our water jars and ostrich eggs which we had dropped in our hurry, and they held us in this way for hours. We were tired 222 825 778
and wanted to go home, but we could not leave our water. I, at least, was astonished that such a thing should have happened, but to the Bushmen it was no surprise. The bees, those magic, medicine creatures, were having their revenge. As a group, we were responsible for having killed the bees of another hive. The Bushmen were only surprised at themselves for not having foreseen the disaster.

In the middle of the afternoon my brother borrowed every- 222
body's clothing and, swathing himself in it while the lenders 271
crouched naked in the bushes, braved the swarm and retrieved our water. Then we went back toward Gautscha, pausing on the way to dig a water root which Lazy Kwi had known was there. The root was quite large, very wet, and though it was as puckery as alum it did quench thirst.

Late afternoon had come now, and I was so tired that I sat 000
down to lean against a bush, where I almost fell asleep. Toma

11: Marshall E-5 (1950-1955) 1958 FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

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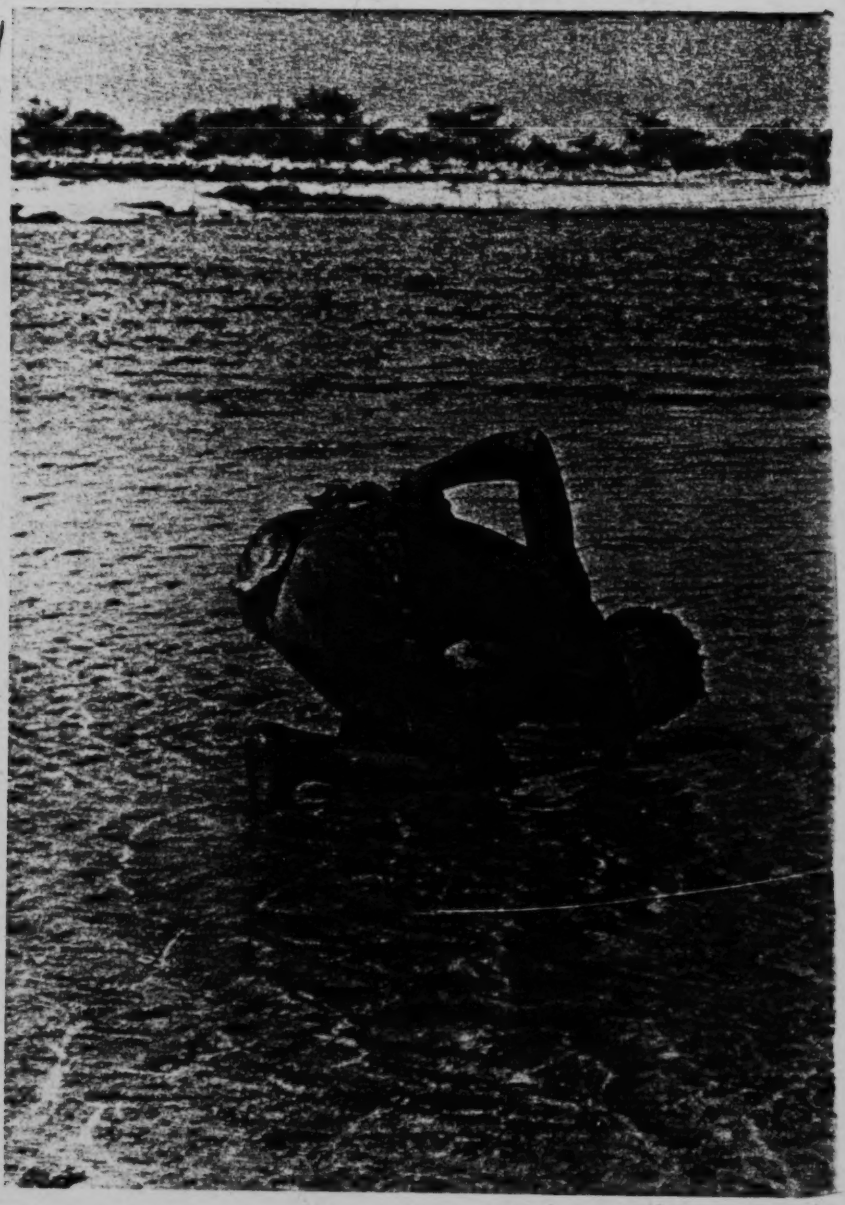

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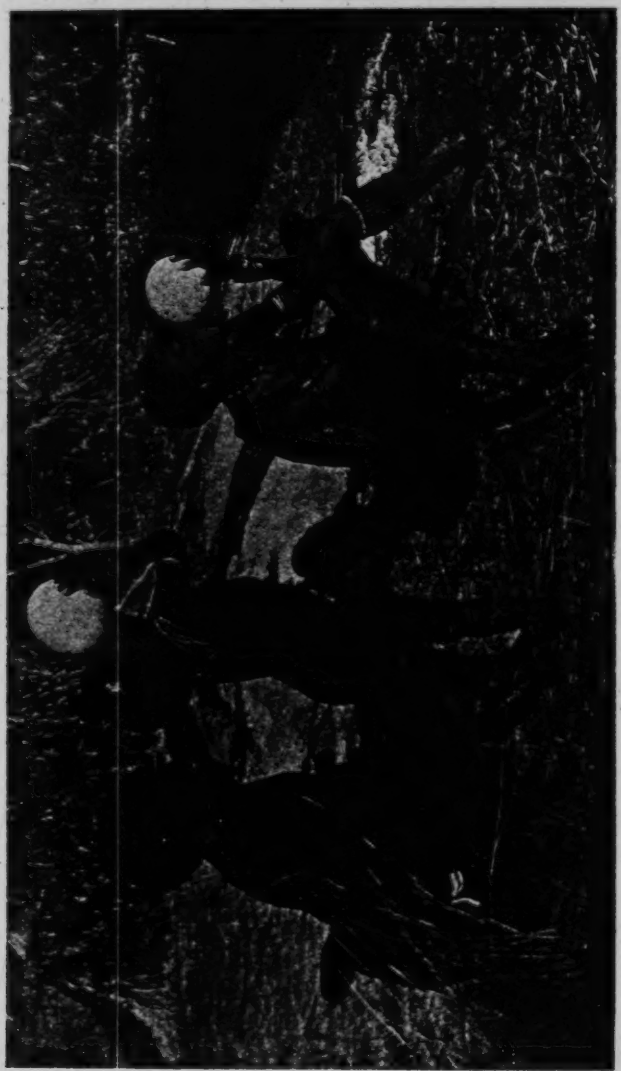

For the rest of the year, above, they fill their eggshells from permanent waterholes, dig for water roots.

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date) 1930
FX13 Hottentot
Bushmen FX10

finds expression in the numerous observances and beliefs developed in relation to the sources of water, and especially to the rain. Here, however, we may note how the Bushmen cope in practice with this ever-present problem.

Caches of ostrich egg-shells containing water are often buried in the ground or hidden in a tree for future use, and to steal them is one of the greatest offences in Bushmen life. When even these have given out, a substitute is found in various succulent plants, especially the */naras* and the *tsama*, which contain enough moisture to relieve thirst and which are still available for the first part of the dry season. In some parts of the Kalahari water may still be found below the surface at this time, and to obtain it the people make use of an ingenious filter. A hole is dug in the sand where the green colour of the grass indicates the presence of the subterranean water, and with a reed tube to the lower end of which is attached a bundle of grass they painfully suck out drop by drop the water that has collected below, then carefully transfer it to the egg-shell bottles. But when even this resource fails them, they are compelled to make hurried marches back to the permanent waterholes, to which they cling until the coming of the rainy season again enables them to move out into the sand veld and resume their normal hunting life.[1]

Industries and Trade

Industries

Besides their food, which they must find from day to day, the Bushmen have need of little but their weapons and utensils. Their household possessions are few, for they seldom own more than they can conveniently carry about with them, and all their industries are essentially domestic.[2]

From wood they make their huts, the staves of their bows and spears, quivers for their arrows, digging-, throwing-, and firesticks, the long barbed stick used for catching spring hares and other burrowing animals, the poison sticks on which the arrow poison is gathered in lumps after it has been prepared, the spits (sometimes

[1] Livingstone, *Missionary Travels*, 51; Chapman, *Travels in S. Africa*, ii, 297; Passarge, *Buschmänner*, 51, 70–1, and fig.; Schultze, *Aus Namaland und Kalahari*, 671–3; Seiner, "Bereisung der Omaheke," 293–4.

[2] The most comprehensive account of Bushman industries is to be found in Gretschel, "Die Buschmannsammlung Hannemann," *Jb. städt. Mus. Vkde. Leipzig*, v (1911–12), 89–113, pl. xxiii–xxix, which relates chiefly to the Auen; cf. also van Rippen, "Notes on Some Bushman Implements"; Stow, *Native Races of S. Africa*, 62–80; Passarge, op. cit., 81–94; Gentz, "Beiträge zur Kenntnis der südwestafrikanischen Völkerschaften," 297–301; Kaufmann-op. cit., 152–3; Schultze, op. cit., 658 sqq.; Werner, "Ueber die Heikum- und Kungbuschi leute," 257; D. F. Bleek, *Naron*, 8–18 *passim*; Fourie, "Bushmen of S.W.A.," 103.